

Yankee Clipper

Oh the Yankee ship came down the river

Blow, boys, blow!

A Yankee ship with a Yankee skipper

Blow me bully boys, blow!

And how do you know she's a Yankee clipper?

Her masts and yards they shine like silver

This Yankee ship she's bound for China

Hurrah me lads let's go and join her

Oh the Congo she's a mighty river

Where the fever makes the white man shiver

And who do you think's the captain of her?

Randy Jack the dancing sailor

And what do you think we had for breakfast?

Rusty chains and a bit of whiplash

And what do you think we had for dinner?

Why bullocks lights and a donkey's liver

And what do you think we had for supper?

Why weeviled bread and a Yankee leather

And what do you think's the cargo of her?

She's loaded all away with silver

Blow today and blow tomorrow

Blow for all old tars in sorrow.